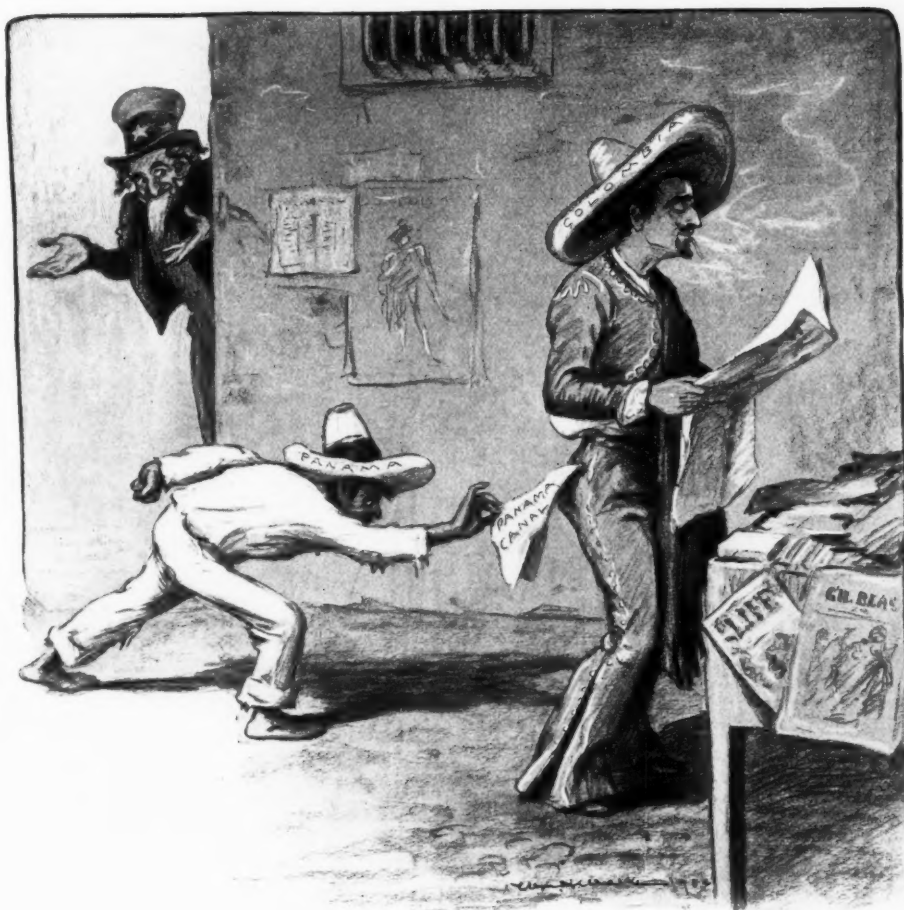
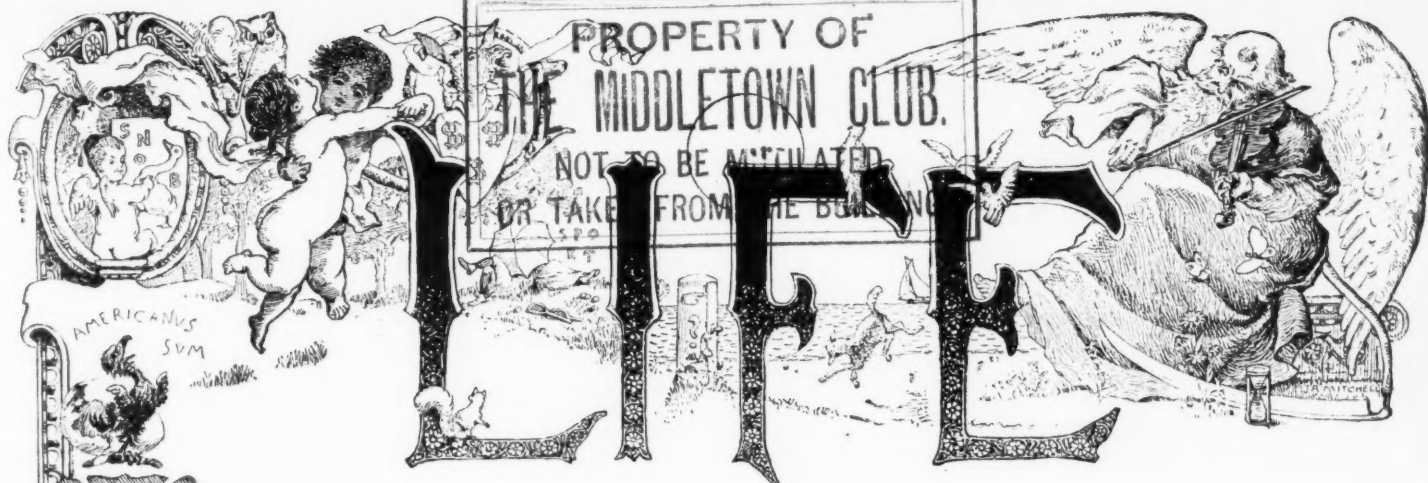


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FAGIN AND THE ARTFUL DODGER.  
UNCLE SAM IN A NEW RÔLE.

TRACTING  
A IS THE  
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mail.  
Mass.



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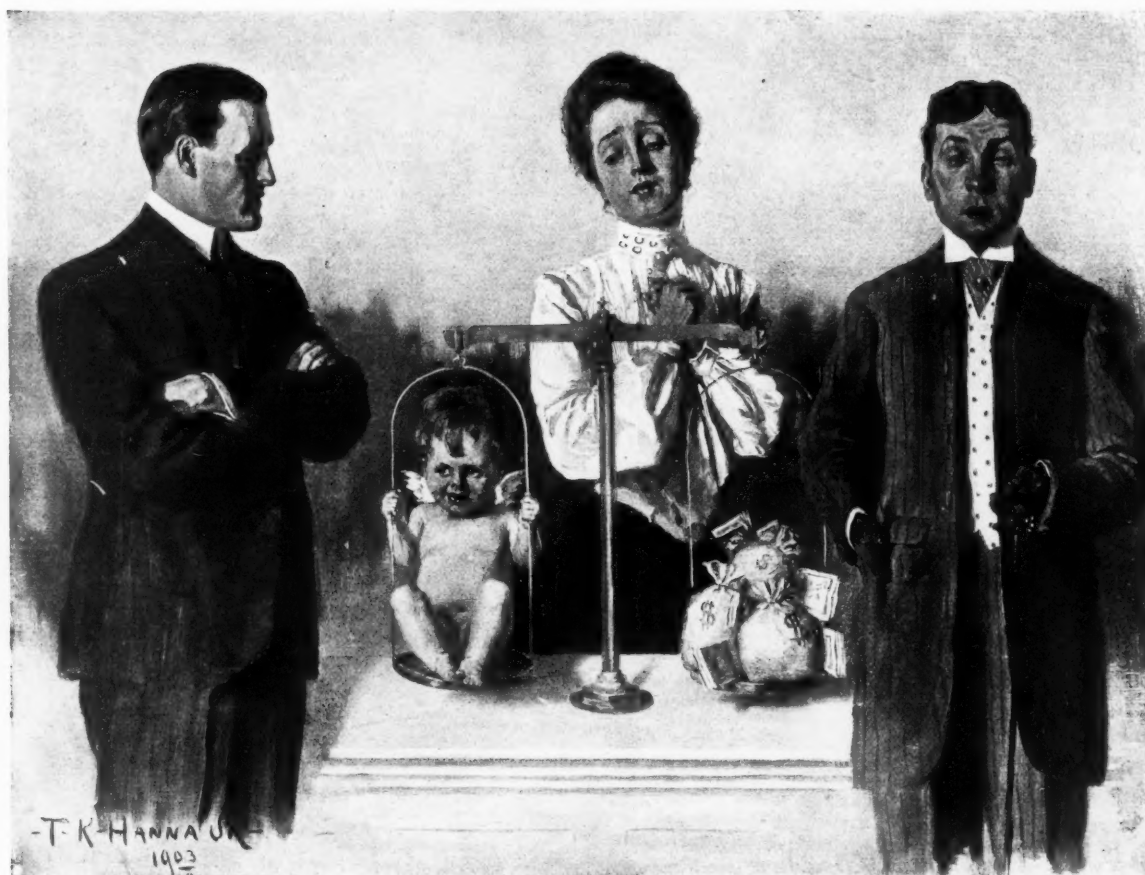
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# LIFE



WHICH?

## Her Reasons.

**S**HE bought a hat—plain, prim and flat—  
With feathers trained on wiltingly;  
It hid her eyes like a disguise  
And touched one ear tipitlingly;  
A homely thing of straw and string,  
And yet she proudly flaunted it.  
'Twas all made clear by her "O, dear!  
Another woman wanted it!"

She wears a dress—it cost no less  
Than ninety-five simoleons;  
It's faded tan, and looser than  
That great-coat of Napoleon's;  
It puckers so, and flares as though  
Some dismal spirit haunted it;  
It has no style—but she will smile:  
"Another woman wanted it!"

Of bric-a-brac she has no lack,  
And still she's always buying more;  
Weird wall designs and ugly steins;  
Strange foods—she's always trying more.  
Once to her flat she brought a cat—  
A fake Maltese. We taunted her.  
She sighed: "I know I'm beat, but, O,  
Another woman wanted her!"

Her married life is naught but strife—  
But what's the use to moralize?  
"He" has an awe-inspiring jaw  
And "I-delight-to-quarrel" eyes.  
Threats of divorce or shows of force  
Have never even daunted him,  
And she'll confess: "Well, I said 'Yes'—  
Another woman wanted him!"

W. D. Nesbit.

## From a Society Woman's Diary.

**I** DON'T like the custom of not wearing diamonds in the morning.

It is un-American; a woman can wear twice as many diamonds when she is fresh from sleep as she can after she is all fagged out.

Ursule suggests that I husband my strength by eating less, but that would be un-American, too.

Ursule is French; clever, but hopelessly apart from our point of view.

**E**VIL to him who evil drinks.





"While there is Life there's Hope."

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**YALE** beat Harvard at football without much trouble, and yet the experts seem to feel that, man for man, Harvard had the better team. Harvard usually puts excellent men into her athletic competitions, and she is usually licked. Observers who seem to know say the trouble is that she cannot get good coaches; that her athletes do not follow athletics as an occupation after they leave college, but become doctors or lawyers or men of business, and positively cannot spare the time that is necessary to teach their successors how to win boat races and football matches. That is as much as to say that Harvard, as a University, is too grown up and has too much to do to go into athletics with the intensity that is requisite nowadays to success. If that is true, it is rather a sorrowful situation, for it means that Harvard is committed to defeat, but, on the whole, it seems rather creditable to Harvard as an educational institution. She seems still infected with an incurable disposition to look upon sport as sport, and not as a self-sufficient industry. Her undergraduates struggle gallantly against this tendency, but their graduate elders succumb to it. One has married a wife, another is supporting a family, another has a case in court, another has patients, another has gone to Chicago.

They simply will not put aside their employments and go to Cambridge and coach the boys.

It is too bad, for the youngsters get whipped. But it is a fair, and an important question whether the trouble is that Harvard takes sport too easy, or that her rivals who beat her take it too hard. How much of a college boy's time and vital energy is sport worth? Even if it pays him to make it the primary object of existence in college, does it pay him to go on working at it indefinitely after he gets out? If a man is content to make sport his business, he can stick to it and become a paid coach. If he is not, he can't; unless, indeed, he is a man of fortune and of leisure. A Boston workingman who loves sport may be willing to give his spare hours to coaching Harvard teams and crews, but spare hours won't do any longer. The matter is too serious. It calls for complete devotion.

Some observers say that college football cannot keep up its present pace. It is too serious a business, they think, and comes too gravely into competition with the other serious aims in life. There is no sense, they say, in taking it so hard, and they give it ten years—some say fifteen—to subside into a secondary place.



**T**HE fight in the Senate over the promotion of General Wood is to go on to a finish. That is as it should be. General Wood's claim to further promotion should be thoroughly sifted, and if it is not well founded it should be rejected. The fight against him just now is exceedingly bitter. He is accused of various wrongdoings while Military Governor of Cuba. Inasmuch as his present rank of Brigadier-General was given him for the sake of his services as an administrator in Cuba, it is proper enough that those services should be scrutinized, but even if it should turn out (as we hope it may) that his work as Governor of Cuba was fully as creditable as his admirers have claimed, and unblemished by serious delinquencies in connection

with Major Rathbone, Major Runcie, and the Jai Alai Company, still, it seems to us, that his promotion at this time to be a Major-General, with prospect of being the senior officer of the army in five or six years, is utterly unwarrantable. It is a pretty serious business. It may be that the President, whom the Rough Riders had so much to do with making, will be unmade by the same agency. The President has always seemed to feel that the Rough Riders were the greatest aggregation of fighting men since the time of Leonidas. He was bound to their Colonel by ties of personal regard, and has, undoubtedly, a very high opinion of his abilities. Considering his relations with Dr. Wood, and his opinion of his deserts, he was bound to give him this promotion. To have passed him over would have seemed like ingratitude and disparagement of a Rough Rider's military capacity. He could not do it. He sent on his way, to be the Commanding General of the armies of the United States, a man—an able man—who had not had a military education, who had commanded troops for no more than six years, and whose chief experience in actual warfare was confined to participation in a skirmish in Cuba. He had to do it, but it was wrong. He has got to stick to it, but it is wrong. Senator Hanna is his chief rival for the Republican nomination. Senator Hanna believes that his friend Rathbone was unjustly treated by General Wood in Cuba, and he will prevent the confirmation of General Wood's appointment if he can. Moreover, if the fight is hot and his blood is stirred, Hanna may take the field against Roosevelt for the Republican nomination.

It seems like a case of Time's revenges. The Rough Riders have been one of the President's weak spots. If he could have left General Wood where he was, and let him learn his new trade, there would have been no trouble. The public has been content to take Wood's services as an administrator at their estimated value, and did not grudge him his Brigadier-Generalship. But it does not want to see him become the Commanding General of the army on the strength of such a record as he has now.



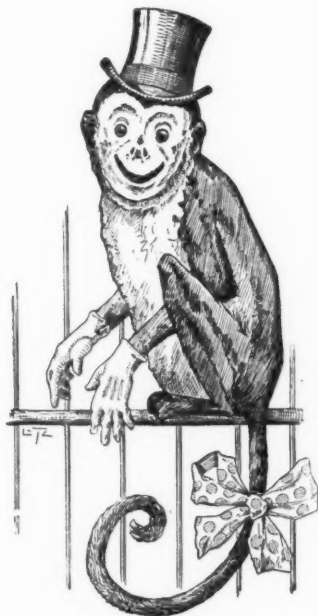
### Handicap.

**T**HE proposal to abrogate the general rule forbidding the discussion of religion and politics in women's clubs will hardly find favor with the thoughtful.

Rabbinical lore puts the case, in the beautiful legend which relates that twelve baskets of talk fell from heaven, and that Eve secured nine baskets while Adam was picking up the other three.

The interdiction, to women, of the two subjects most productive of discussion is only a just and reasonable handicap, and distinctly in the way of that equality of sex which is the cherished object of the club movement.

**A** MISS is as good as a MILE.



IMITATION IS THE SWEETEST FLATTERY.



MEN WILL HAVE PEACE—IF THEY DIE FOR IT

### The Merit System in Hell.



ACCORDING to custom, Satan sat  
Examining peasant and autocrat,  
And indicating where each should go  
In his special department, tier and  
row.

But presently through the infernal  
roar

A scramble was heard outside the door.  
And the fiends dragged in a Trust Magnate  
And an eloquent Walking Delegate.

"Sit down," said the Chief to the Trust  
Magnate,

"And the sum of your virtues briefly state.  
Make haste," he added, "the night grows  
old

And I've customers waiting outside in the  
cold."

Said the Trust Magnate, with an unctious air,  
As he took his seat in a spike-bottomed  
chair,

"Dear sir, don't rake me over the coals,—  
I've given work to a million souls.

"Men have grown haggard and old in my  
pay,

Mothers have toiled both night and day,  
Children have wrought at each shuttle  
and spool

When they might have been wasting their  
time at school.

"Early and late, in cell and pen,  
I have given Work to the tribes of men."

"Enough!" said the Fiend, with com-  
passion great,  
As he turned to the Walking Delegate.

"I have gone," said the Delegate, "into  
the moil

Where sweating laborers slave and toil;  
In the roar of mills and prosperity's hum  
I have brought the Worker's Millennium.

"A Sabbath reigned where my voice was  
heard,

Harsh labor ceased when I gave the word;  
Thus a million souls in a day would pass  
From the ranks of toil to the leisure  
class.

"Blessings on all who have entered my  
ken—

I have given Rest to the tribes of men."

"Enough!" said Satan, and you might  
trace

A benevolent gleam on his glowing face.

So he tinkled a bell, and said with a  
grin,

To the purple attendant who entered in,  
"Deliver this pair to the brimstone can  
That's labeled, 'For Friends of the Work-  
ing Man.'"

Wallace Irwin.



THE final appearance of *The Ambassadors* in book form is an event which has intimately to do with English literature. Here is the ultimate expression of Mr. James's art, the novel of analysis raised to the nth power. Here is a narrative which in ordinary type would fill eight hundred pages, the reading of which entails an effort comparable to reading Chaucer in the original text; a narrative whose actual happenings would scarcely fill five chapters and which leads the reader to no actual denouement. Yet it leads him with unflinching attention, with constantly accelerating interest, through the history of a mental evolution to a satisfying apprehension of its completion, and leaves him, no longer conscious of an almost foreign language, aglow with the enthusiasm of a perfect art. Here, in short, is Henry James at his great best and at his little worst, to take or to leave. (Harper and Brothers. \$2.00.)

*Mr. Salt* is a novel by Will Payne, whose characteristic note is an insistent realism, and the style and point of view of which suggest the school of the journalist. The story concerns itself with certain deals on the Chicago Stock Exchange, the panic of '93 and the subsequent financial revival, and is at once entertaining and ephemeral. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.50.)

There is a fascination about the traveler's tale which has persisted through all the ages and seems to affect alike the wanderer, the stay-at-home and even the blind. It is the satisfying of this love of daring, resource and hardship surmounted that makes Mr. Homer B. Hulbert's transcription of Washington B. Vanderlip's journey *In Search of a Siberian Klondike* such good reading. The volume is illustrated with photographs and written with an engaging and simple directness. (The Century Company. \$2.00.)

Austin Dobson contributes the latest number in the English Men of Letters series, a critical biography of *Fanny Burney*. If the book, pleasantly as it is written, adds little either to our knowledge or to our ideas, it is that there is little to add, either from the standpoint of biography or of criticism, to our knowledge or our estimate of Madame d'Arblay. (The Macmillan Company. 75c.)

"A story for the story's sake" is a popular catchword which aptly expresses the de-



A FLYER IN STOCKS.

sires of many readers and the legitimate, if not exalted, aims of many writers. It is thoroughly applicable to Miss Geraldine Bonner's story, *To-morrow's Tangle*, a romance of the '50's and the '70's in California, interesting to the point of excitement and yet satisfactorily probable. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$1.50.)

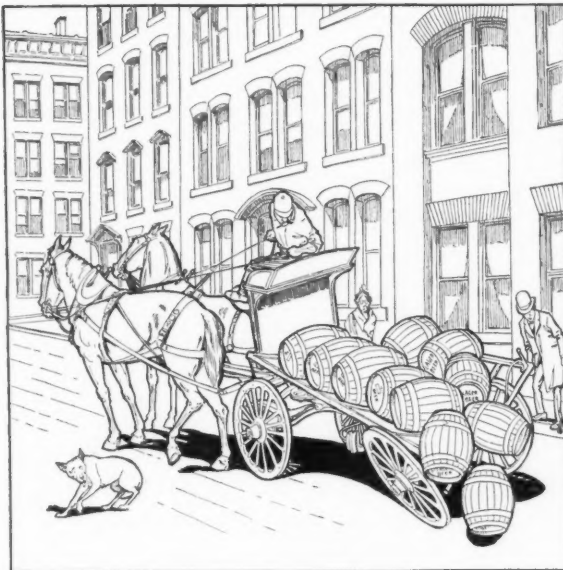
A volume of really remarkable simplicity and scope is *Lessons in Physics*, by Lothrop D. Higgins. It is, of course, intended as a text-book, but its value as a simple reference book and its lucid explanation of the principles of physics, both in general theory and in commercial practice, gain it commendation here. (Ginn and Company, Boston. 90c.)

Mr. S. E. Kiser has been long familiar to readers of the Chicago press, wherein he publishes the kind of things one always means to cut out and save. His *Ballads of Busy Days* saves us the trouble. Mr. Kiser belongs to the school of Field and Riley, and his verses carry sentiment winged with humor. (Forbes and Company, Boston. \$1.25.) J. B. Kerfoot.

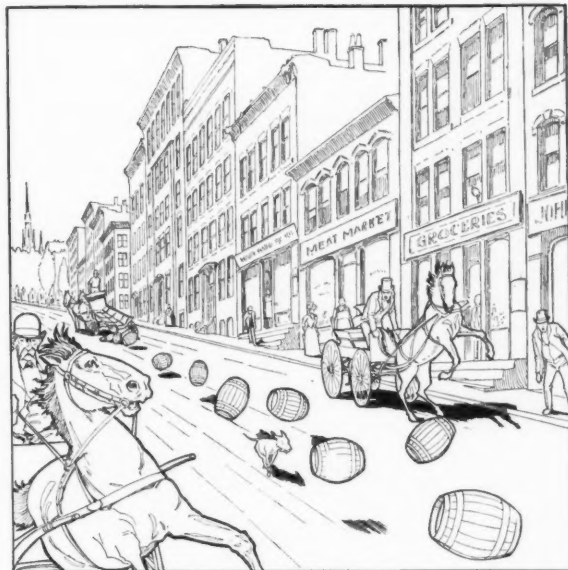
PARKE: Does your baby keep you up nights?

LANE: I should say so. Why, I haven't been home before midnight for a month.

A KEG STORY.



THEY MEET WITH AN ACCIDENT,



BREAK LOOSE AND—

### The Domingan Situation.

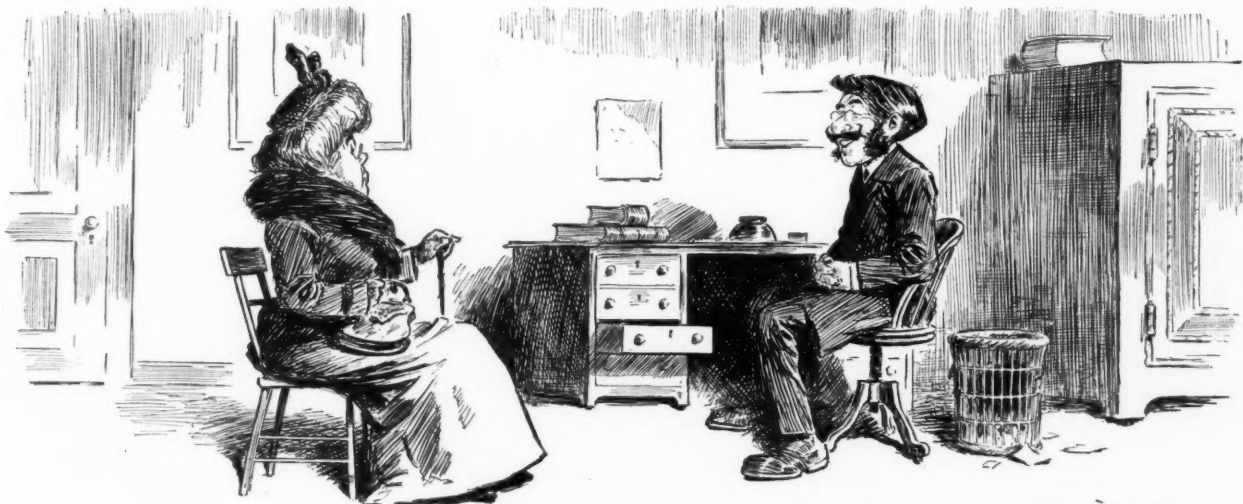
WOS Y GIL  
Marched up a hill,  
And then marched down, because he  
Was up, for fair,  
Against it, there,  
The papers say. But Wos Y?

### Complete.

WIFE: So you don't like this  
color? But everybody is wear-  
ing it.  
HUSBAND: Who is everybody?  
"Why, all the shop girls and society  
queens."

### Manners.

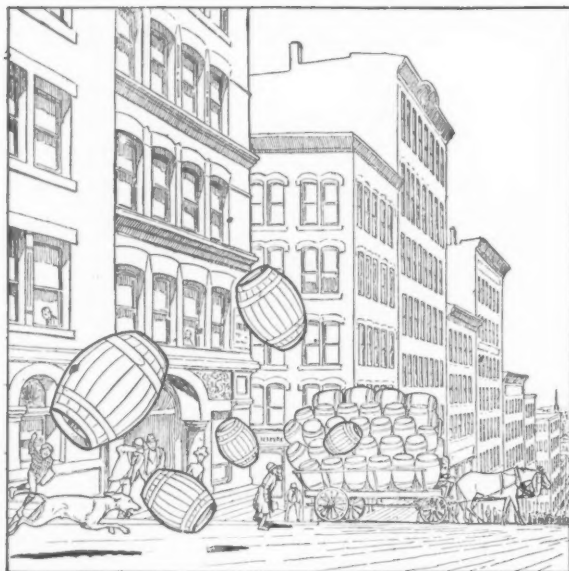
MY English friend had spent the  
afternoon studying bargain sales.  
"Well," said I, "do you get any new  
light on our customs and manners?"  
"Yes," said he. "I observe that the  
more custom the less manners."



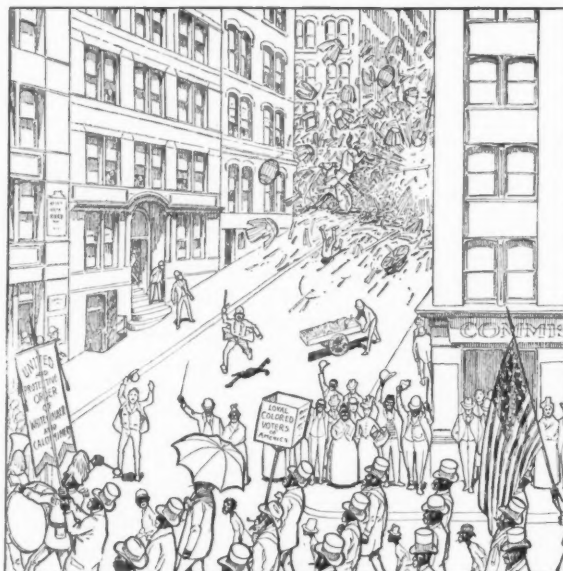
A STAND-OFF.

"THAT COOK I ENGAGED FROM YOU WAS NO GOOD."  
"WELL, MADAM, SHE SAID THE SAME THING OF YOU."





ARE UP AGAINST MORE BEER.



WHICH CAUSES

### A Letter.

#### TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

We note that the esteemed Mr. Rockefeller has recently raised the price of his coal oil two and one-half cents a gallon in this vicinity, but whether this is on account of the necessity for a revival of religious fervor on the part of Trojans, or Fiji Islanders, we are unable to say. We should think

that it might be profitable for you, and far more acceptable to certain of us, who can neither be called "bloated capitalists" nor "down-trodden laborers," if you should succeed in diverting some of Mr. Carnegie's loose coin from the perpetual founding of libraries, and persuade him to invest some of the surplus in an endowment fund for the dissemination of the doctrine of cheerfulness, spreading abroad throughout the

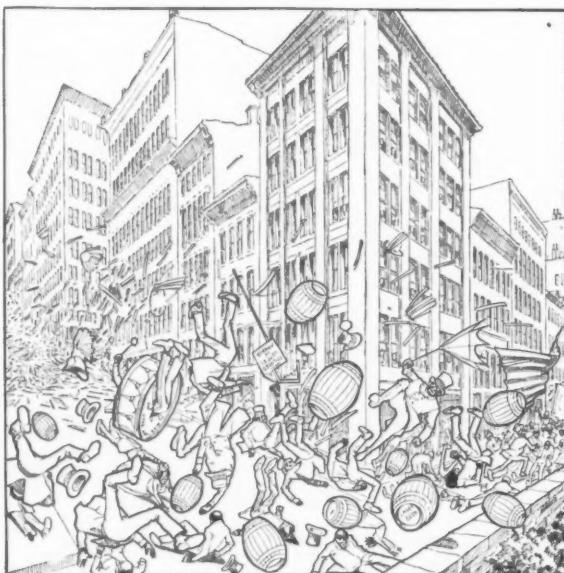
country, for that purpose, thousands of copies of LIFE every year. Success to your efforts. Sincerely, *Harry N. Frost.*

TROY, OHIO, November 15, 1903.

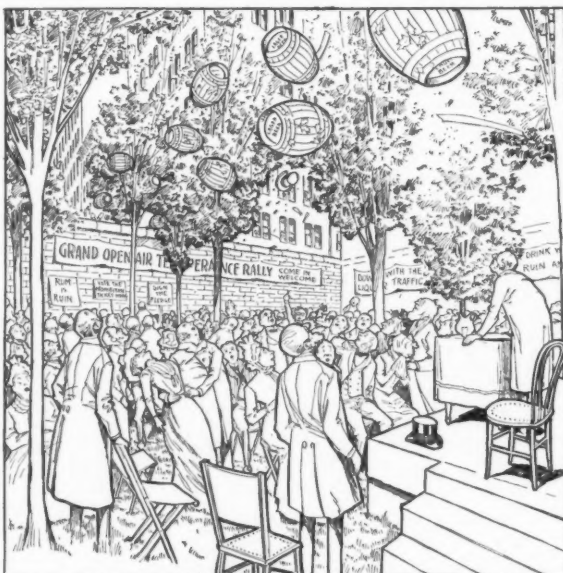
"MARRIAGE is like a besieged city."

"In what way?"

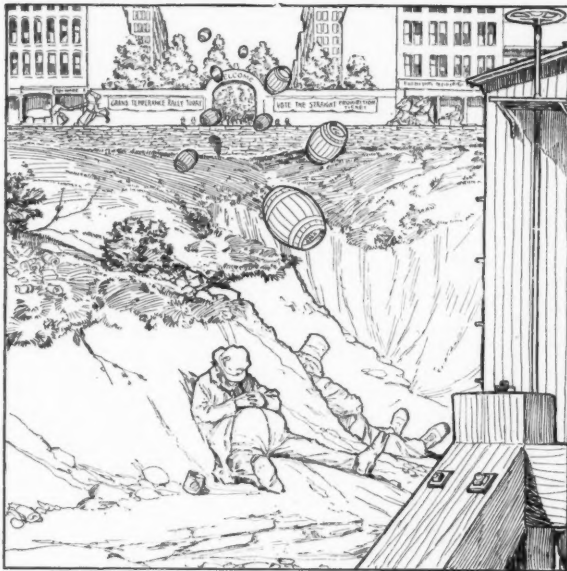
"So many of the people are trying to get in, and so many to get out."



TROUBLE



IN THE CAMP —

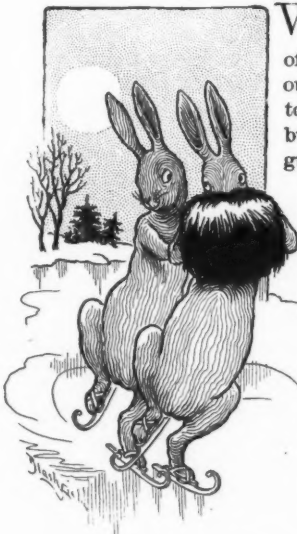


BUT—



ALL'S WELL THAT—

### Assault on Mr. Price.



WE beg to express our sympathy for Martin Price, of Northfield, Pa., of whom the papers relate that he went out with dog and gun on November 18 to shoot rabbits. Having chased a big bunny into a hole, he laid down his gun and proceeded with a golf club to prod the game out of its burrow. Out, to be sure, came bunny with a rush, and running in an excited and heedless fashion, trampled on the trigger of Mr. Price's weapon, which went off, shooting a leg off the dog, depriving Mr. Price of two fingers and filling his face and one leg with shot.

The papers say the rabbit is still at large. We are very sorry for Mr. Price. Of course, his getting shot was an accident, but we do not acquit the rabbit of criminal carelessness in the matter. It was

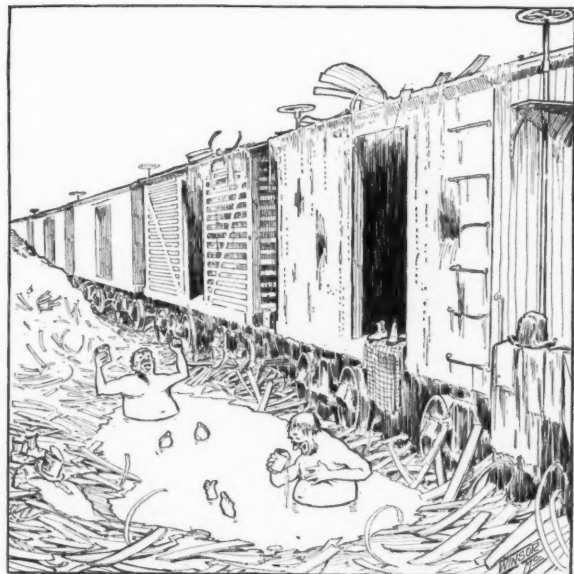
not unlike a rabbit to drive right into a gun without noticing whether it was cocked or not. Rabbits are careless and irresponsible little creatures, and unfit to be trusted with firearms.

### The Theatre in America.

THE theatre in America consists essentially of the stage, the auditorium, and the box office.

The stage is used for the creation of drafts and immoral situations.

In the auditorium, ingenuity is exhibited. Thus, each person



ENDS WELL.

in the auditorium is provided with a cubic yard of fresh air every second, or about ten times as much as he is given room to breathe. The auditorium takes its name from the circumstance of the conversation in the boxes being audible from any part of it.

The exact significance of the term box office is not settled. It is probably a corruption of Bucks Suffice, the motto of the Syndicate. Finished actors stand in the box office and assure the public that all the best seats are sold.



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THE SNOB'S GRESS

AFTER SOME YEARS OF WAITING, MR. TAGG AT APPE





SNOB'S GRESS.  
L  
MR. TAGG AT APPEARS IN THE SOCIETY COLUMNS.



### More Attempts at the Revolution.



CHARLES RICHMAN AS  
CAPTAIN BARRINGTON.

THE three latest attempts leave the successful play based on Revolutionary history still a thing of the future. Mr. Fitch's "Major André" failed to score, and the two pieces under present notice—"Captain Barrington" and "Elizabeth's Prisoner"—are neither of them dramatic efforts worthy of the laurel crown.

"Elizabeth's Prisoner" is far from original in plot, and is so awkward in construction that its few good situations lose their value utterly. The scenes are laid in a historic house on the Hudson and involve the detention there of a wounded American officer by a Tory young woman, both of whom go through the to-be-expected episodes consequent on the falling in love of sympathizers with opposing causes. This theme has been so often used that nothing but exceptionally clever handling could make it absorbing, and this it has not had. The cast is a small one. Of the acting, it may be said that Mr. Faversham is the same Mr. Faversham, unchanged from the Mr. Faversham well known to audiences in and out of New York; Hilda Spong, as the attractive Tory, does about as well as can be done with a character many degrees removed from nature. Her delivery of the lines is delightful, and in the one scene where she has a chance she shows very considerable power, but for an attractive woman she goes far out of her way to dress her head most unbecomingly.

In "Elizabeth's Prisoner" there is no illusion, and little that is either amusing or attractive.

MR. VICTOR MAPES has in "Captain Barrington" constructed a far more virile play. It is, in fact, melodramatic, and possesses at least the merit of strenuous action. It contains fighting and gore and escaping and rescuing to gratify the most lurid taste, all seasoned with a not unreasonable amount of love-making and lovers' misunderstandings. The sombreness which makes most plays of the Revolution unattractive is relieved by sprightly action and costuming more brilliant than usual in plays of this era. One feature, usually dangerous, here succeeds—the reproduction of a popular hero in the flesh. Mr. Joseph Kilgour's

representation of George Washington is a faithful reproduction of the best known portrait of the Father of His Country, and is neither too stagey nor lacking in real dignity.

There is much of Mr. Charles Richman, and he finds himself difficult to handle. He plays a dual part, changing alternately from an officer in the British army to his brother in Washington's. As the American he is quiet and composed, and is convincing; to mark the difference, he attempts to make the Briton blithe and merry, in which, with his bulk of person and voice, he is not successful. Done less boisterously this part of his work would be far more effective. To Suzanne Sheldon is entrusted the portrayal of the heroine, who is confounded by the resemblance of the brothers. She is unconventional in her methods, and therefore uneven, which is forgiven for, at times, she gives glimpses of unusual power.



BECAUSE they were a class by themselves, and were simply exaggerations of the real thing, negro minstrels have never been considered as actors or artists in the usual meaning of those terms. In Mr. George Ade's "The County Chairman" we have in the *Sassafras Livingston* of Mr. Willis P. Sweatnam, a veteran minstrel, a piece of character-acting well worthy of notice as an artistic accomplishment. It is a broad characterization, to be sure, but in its drawing and its truth to nature it deserves to rank with the depiction of more complicated individualities. Behind the unusually faithful external delineation of the character, we see the working of the negro mind, with its strong appreciation of creature comforts and its would-be extremely artful methods for obtaining them.

Mr. Sweatnam's work would be alone worth going to see, but it furnishes only part of the fun and character drawing Mr. Ade has put into what is unquestionably his best stage effort. In the portrayal of *Jim Hackler* he has drawn a type familiar in every part of the country where politics are practiced, be it in the garb of the city boss, or in the rough costuming bestowed upon *Jim* by Mr. Maclyn Arbuckle. Mr. Arbuckle, for whom *LIFE* has already predicted an artistic future, fully grasps the requirements of the part and gives it a humorous personality which later on may develop into an American classic.

Mr. Ade has accomplished an unusual task in taking the merest thread of a plot and the most hackneyed of characters and by cleverness of delineation and brightness of lines making the combination one of the most laughable entertainments seen on the New York stage for a long time. Besides that, "The County Chairman" is American and thoroughly clean. *Metcalfe.*

### LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES.

*Belasco.*—Henrietta Crossman in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs."

*Bijou.*—Alice Fischer in "What's the Matter with Susan?"

*Broadway.*—Fritzi Scheff in "Babette." Clever artist in comic opera, with good music.

*Criterion.*—William Faversham in "Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner." See above.

*Daly's.*—"A Japanese Nightingale." Poor play badly done.

*Garden.*—"Three Little Maids." Dainty and funny English musical comedy.

*Herald Square.*—"The Girl from Kay's." Musical comedy. Laughable.

*Lyric.*—"Red Feather." Elaborate production of De Koven-Klein comic opera. Better than the average of its kind.

*Majestic.*—"Babes in Toyland." Fun, music and spectacle.

*Manhattan.*—Charles Richman in "Captain Barrington." See above.

*Princess.*—Kyrie Bellew in "Raffles." Interesting play based on Hornung's book.

*Savoy.*—Beautiful Maxine Elliott in Clyde Fitch's "Her Own Way." Well done and amusing.

*Wallack's.*—George Ade's "The County Chairman." See above.

*Weber and Fields's.*—The usual thing at the usual high prices, only not so good as usual.



ULYSSES.

THE SUITORS TRYING THE PRESIDENTIAL BOW.

### Illustrated.

**T**HE advantage, to the gentler sex, of liberal education was never more signally illustrated.

The police were beating back the ordinary women without difficulty, and the bridal party had almost reached the door of the church, when the Societas Universitatum Alumnarum, mostly by consistent line bucking, broke through, tore off the bride's gown, divided it into souvenirs, and retired with their familiar yell.

Many of the ordinary women were heard to say that they would send their daughters through college if it took a leg.

### Failure.

**CONTRIBUTOR:** Do you understand that poem of mine?

**MAGAZINE EDITOR:** Perfectly.

**CONTRIBUTOR (sadly):** Well, I'll have to try again.

### Development.

**I**T was the day after the millennium.

Religion had not only been introduced into the public schools, but also into everything else.

"Gentlemen," said the magnate to his associates, "we have an important day before us. There is a smaller and weaker rival of ours, with a good round sum in his possession, that I hope to relieve him of before night falls. But, before the business of the day begins, we will have the usual services."

The members of the State Legislature paused before they took up the law that gave away the practice of all the principal cities to a chosen band, to make as much money out of as possible.

"Let us first," said the chairman, "in obedience to the law, read a few chapters of the Bible, and after that I will lead in prayer. These proceedings must be regular."

The bugle note had just been

sounded, announcing to the army of the Republic that that small people about to be assimilated were waiting to have their throats cut, when the General in chief stepped to the front.

"In accordance with our prevailing custom," he observed, lifting his finger over the hymn book, "Divine service is now in order."

The following Sunday, the most popular minister in the land, in lecturing upon our great victory, said:

"My beloved brethren, there was a time when, degenerate beings that we were, we even hesitated about having religion in our schools. As if the leading people in the world could afford to be without it!"

Tom Masson.

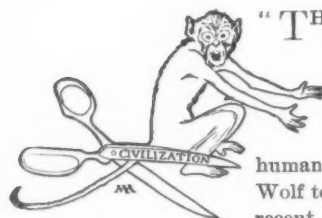
**"GET** thee behind me, Satan," said the Alderman. "That's where my hand is."

**T**HE proof of the plumbing is in the heating.



## Both Sides of the Ledger.

## I.



"THE country is simply going to the dogs through those unspeakable humans," said the Wolf to the Lion at a recent cabinet meeting.

The King of the Beasts wrinkled his furrowed brows perplexedly. "What can one expect?" he replied fretfully. "When animals get up and walk on their hind legs, it is an unfailing sign of degeneracy. If they would only consent to learn of the higher races how to be decent, clean, orderly beasts, there might be some hope for them. One of their own prophets, whom I have studied somewhat, expresses their case admirably: 'God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions!'"

"Speaking of inventions," said the Wolf, "have you heard of the last 'Erminian' atrocities, man's new method of trapping the little beasts? The Ermine family are simply crushed with grief and shame. They have always given their skins gladly for royalty; but now, every social female in the human race is wearing them."

"Strange," mused the Lion. "The venerable Fox tells me that he is making a study of human habits and customs, and he says that many of them are very curious and interesting. The males spend all their time in playing a peculiar game, in which each man tries to secure as many of his neighbor's possessions as possible. His success is usually measured by the amount of ruin and misery he causes. If he wins in this game, which, by the way, is called the 'strenuous life,' all pay him homage. Then the females exchange these hard-won possessions for beasts' skins, feathers, and stones dug from the earth, and also in motley ornaments for the interior of their dens."

"It would be sad, if it were not so amusing," said the Wolf, showing his teeth in a grin. "I cannot accept the theory of evolution, when I ponder on the way of these humans. How can

they ever ascend to our level?"

"They are fit for nothing but the purpose for which the Almighty created them," dogmatized the chattering gray Ape, the Dr. Parkhurst of the beasts, "namely, the delectation of animals. We should all thank God that we are not as human beings, even as their women!"

## II.

A WOMAN knelt before the glittering altar of a splendid church, and fervently congratulated her Maker upon having selected one so worthy of His manifold benefits as herself.

She included among these mercies her superb baby-lamb coat, her great ermine muff and broad stole which fell to the foot of her gown, and the rare bird and aigrette in her hat. She also offered thanks that she slept soft and fared sumptuously, while others suffered, and that she was enabled to give liberally to church and charity.

But against her prayer was the credit account of the little ermine, struggling, dying in the snow, its tongue held fast by the relentless frost against the greased knife-blade; the shrill cries of starving young birds, whose mother had been sacrificed to adorn a hat; and the slaughtered sheep rifled of her lamb before the due time!

Mrs. Wilson Woodrow.

IT seems that Mr. Bryan's lawyers are going to make a fight for the thirty thousand dollars which was left to Mr. Bryan by the late Philo Bennett of New Haven. The Surrogate of New Haven County cannot see his way at present to let Mr. Bryan have the money. There is no doubt that Mr. Bennett intended that he should have it. Where Mr. Bryan made his mistake was in having anything to do with the making of Mr. Bennett's will. He has got neither money nor credit out of his connection with it. A man of gumption would have got the money. A truly wise man would have hesitated long to accept it.

## "Jest Plain Dog."

HE wasn't nothin' but jest a dog, An' not much of a dog at that; His hair grew 'round in foolish spots 'Bout the shade of an ol' door-mat; An' then he was kinder shy on ears— One had been chewed most up, An' his eyes—well, folks used t' laugh An' say, when they saw the pup, "Why, he ain't nothin' but jest plain dog."

Never could teach him no fancy tricks, He never seemed to care, But somehow, wherever I happened t' be, Why, he was always there; So we sort of became acquainted An' together we sort of stuck, 'Cause fortune had kinder slighted me An' his was the worst o' luck, For he wasn't nothin' but jest plain dog.

Then she came—I s'pose this story Ain't nothin' strikin'ly new, An' is what folks calls "prosaic," An' may not interest you; But it sure did interest him a lot, An' he got t' feelin' sore, 'Cause, of course, she got my attention, An' he felt more an' more That he wasn't nothin' but jest plain dog.

I used t' dream of her at night An' picture her great blue eyes, An' feel her kisses against my cheek, An' hear her long, soft sighs— Then she got tired an' went away, But he—he wouldn't go, He jest kep' on a bein' my friend. But she was a woman, you know, An' he wasn't nothin' but jest plain dog.

John Edward Hazzard.



Monkey: OH, WHATCHER QUITT'N' FOR?  
Kangaroo (pulling off the gloves): YOU'VE GOT TOO LONG A REACH FOR ME.



A QUESTION.

"MAMMA, IS DAM GOD'S LAST NAME?"

### Our Country.

#### LITERATURE.

HOW is the literature of the United States divided?

Into two grand divisions—the Book Lovers' Library and the Sunday Supplements.

What are the principal literary industries?

George Ade and Laura Jean Libby. Are there any other prominent writers besides these?

Oh, yes. Cyrus Townsend Brady and the Secretary of Agriculture.

Who is the more prolific of the two?

It is not known. Brady's factory is running night and day, but the Secretary of Agriculture has the resources of the United States Government back of him.

Who is considered the most famous American author of the day?

Depends upon the day.

What branch of literature is the most popular?

Philosophy.

And who is at the head of it?

W. R. Hearst.

What is the next most popular branch?

Theology.

And who is at the head of it?

Anthony Comstock.

How long has the United States had a literature of its own?

Ever since Henry James went to London.

Tom Masson.

CASTLETON: Would you have any objection, sir, when I take your daughter to the theatre, of my giving her a little supper afterwards?

WINTERBLOOM: Why, no. But I think I'd better be with you.

WHO KNOWS?

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will."



Mr. Jones studied the profile of his wife.



then that of his daughter, then that of his son;



then cursed the shade of his grandfather,



until he one day discovered a portrait of his wife, taken before her visit to Dr. Skinberry, the famous dermatologist.

# · LIFE ·



## WHAT FATHER SAID.

"Ah," father sighed,  
And shook his head,  
And then he frowned,  
And sternly said:  
"This football is  
A brutal game,  
Where men rejoice  
To maul and maim.  
I'd stop it all  
If I'd my way."  
John smiled in his  
Peculiar way:  
"Come and look at  
The game to-day."  
John was his son—  
He played left guard,  
And played the game  
Extremely hard,  
His father scowled  
Until a rush  
Was made at John;  
Then in the hush  
That held the field  
We hear him shout:  
"Git up, there, John!  
What you about?  
Slug that big guy  
And knock him out!"  
"Ah!" father sighed,  
When John arose,  
"He got one ear  
And broke a nose,

And pulled an arm  
Clear out of place,  
And made his mark  
On every face."  
And that same night  
His throat was raw  
From yelling "Rah!  
Kaboombashaw!  
Koex! Koex!  
Wow! Rah! Rah! Rah!"

—Chicago Tribune.

A BOY who was required to write an essay on hens produced the following: "Hens is curious animals; they don't have no nose nor no teeth nor no ears. They swallow their whittles whole and chew it up in their crops inside of 'em. The outside of hens is generally put into pillers and into feather dusters. The inside of a hen is sometimes filled with marbles and shirt buttons and sich. A hen is very much smaller than a good many other animals, but they'll dig up more tomato plants than anything that ain't a hen. Hens is very useful to lay eggs for plum puddings. Hens have got wings and can fly when they get frightened. I cut off a hen's head with a hatchet, and it frightened her to death."—New York Tribune.

"WHAT do statistics show?" inquired the man who was warming up to his subject.

"As a rule," answered the man who is always doubtful, "they don't show much except patience and industry on the part of the man who collected them."—Washington Star.

## RONDEAU.

A Freshman is a source of glee  
To all the university.  
Much cash is his, but little sense;  
He simply oozes innocence  
And drips with gullibility.  
Green, diffident to a degree,  
All gawkiness and gaucherie,  
Incarnate unintelligence  
A Freshman is.

Yet, when I wooed on bended knee  
The maid who holds my heart in fee,  
And whispered of my love intense,  
She said, "You're not my preference—  
A Freshman is." —Yale Record.

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS W. F. SLATON, of Georgia, tells this bon mot of his twelve-year-old grandson. The boy's father came in one day much provoked at some misdemeanor.

"James," he said, "I am seriously displeased about this matter. Do you know, Sir, you are a candidate for a whipping?"

"I hope I'll be defeated, father," was the instant reply.

And he was.—New York Times.

VEGETARIAN: Don't you know that the strongest animals are all vegetarians, the elephant being the most powerful?

CARNIVOROUS FRIEND: That's all right. If they weren't so strong they never would be able to stand a vegetable diet.—Boston Transcript.

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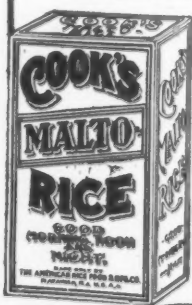
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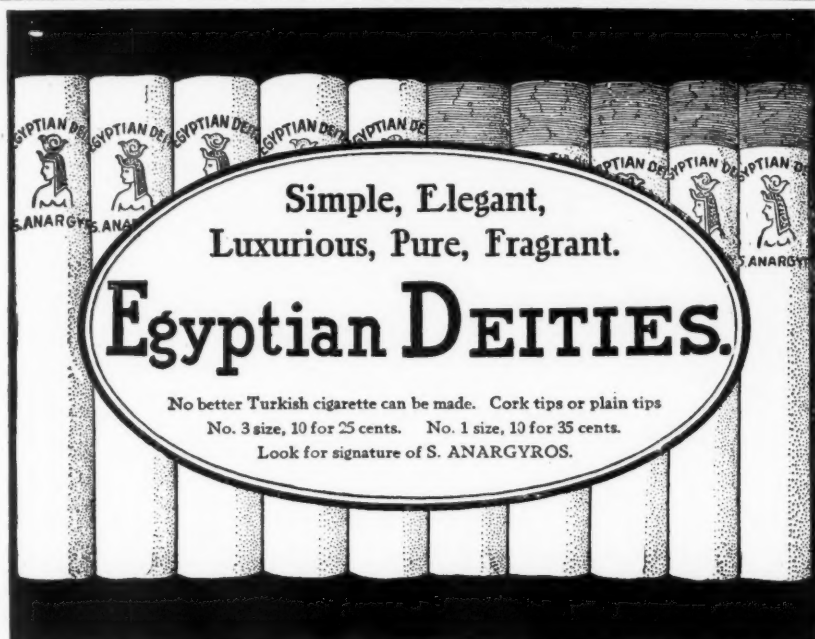
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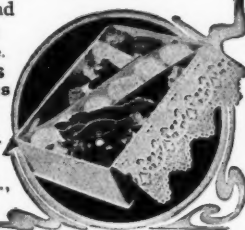
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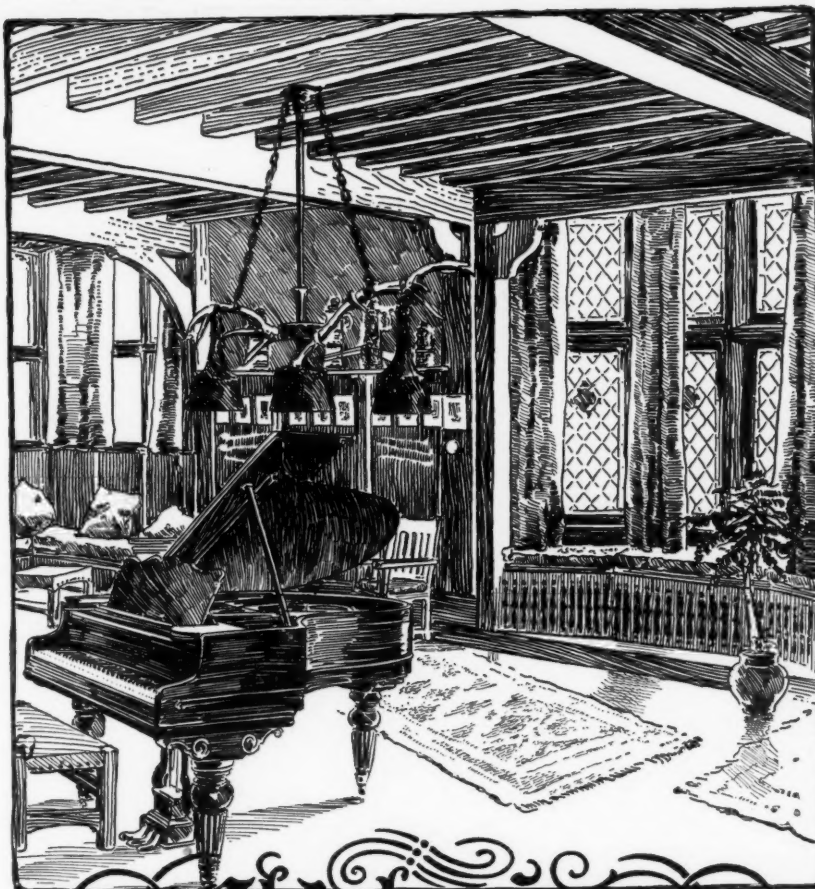
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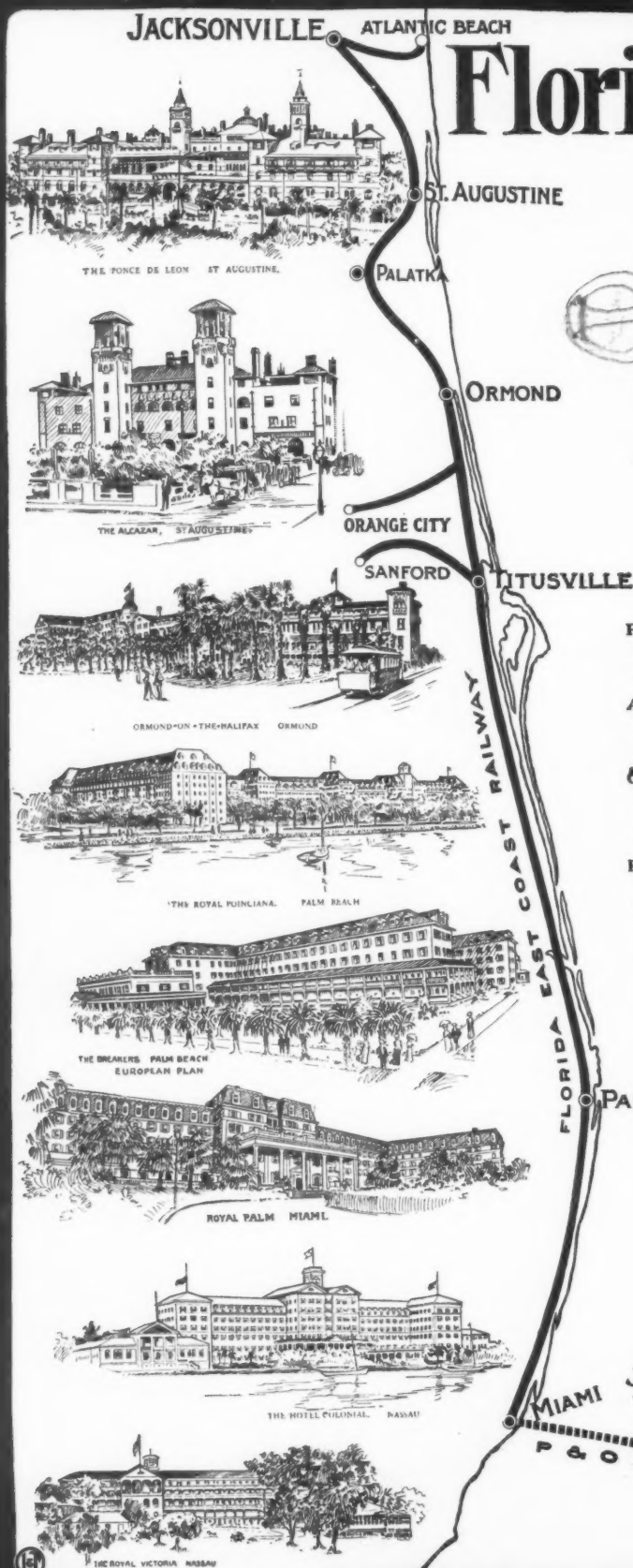
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